

## A DAY'S WORK IN RIDING MOUNTAIN.

BY H. CLAUGHTON-WALLIN, F.M., FOREST ASSISTANT, FORESTRY  
BRANCH.

When approaching Gladstone, on the Canadian Northern Edmonton Line, the traveller will notice how the flat treeless prairie is gradually disappearing and being succeeded by a wooded country. As the train carries you further towards Dauphin, the trees increase in size and variety. There are among the poplars, scattered oak, elm, ash and Manitoba maple, and also here and there an old shaggy lopsided spruce, looking lonely, as if it was wondering why on earth it was left there to struggle for existence among so many strangers.

On your left you see a bluish wall a few miles distant following you for several hours. Coming from the east, with your head full of talk about the level prairies of Manitoba, you are surprised. Being a person fond of nature as it was before man tried to improve it, and having thoughts for something else than the prosaic "How to invest your spare money to the best advantage," your interest is aroused.

It is not that the scenery is in any way startling. Had it been, for example, in Quebec or British Columbia, you would never even bother to lift your eyes from your paper to look at that blue mountain wall. But it being situated in Manitoba your interest is, as was said before, awakened.

In your mind you see yourself there in the wilderness, following an old Indian bridle path through the beautiful forest, drinking the refreshing cold water from some little mountain stream and now and then getting a glimpse of a majestic moose or a graceful elk.

Well, those were the thoughts running through my mind, and the only thing to regret is that my fellow passengers on the Edmonton Express did not have the same good luck as I, to spend a whole summer up there in the Riding Mountain.

The writer had received instructions from the Forestry Branch of the Interior Department to proceed to the Riding Mountain to conduct a valuation survey on the Dominion Forest Reserve situated there, and at the end of May I arrived in Dauphin. To those of my readers to whom this name is not familiar, I may say that Dauphin is one of Manitoba's most progressive towns situated on the Canadian Northern line from Manitoba to Edmonton, twelve miles north of the boundary of the Riding